

lower, who had escaped the dangers of the jungle, had been slain on Riverside drive; her romance had ended in vanity and despair.

She found the pleasure paradise almost the same.

A little more gorgeous, perhaps, but all the gleamier for that. She had come from the white winter of the North into the sudden July of Florida, and her heart ached anew remembering how love had bloomed in her life under the tropical sun of Freneau's eyes. It was like going over an old album of souvenirs to revisit the scenes of that far-off yesterday. The same throngs seemed to be dancing the same dances, bounding through the same waves, still sipping their tea under the palms in the royal gardens of the Poinciana.

She had almost forgotten her purpose in coming here when she caught sight of Frank Mulry's broad back. He was rolling along briskly. She did not know that he had caught sight of her first and made off in disgust and amazement at her discovery of his new retreat.

She dared not run after him and she could not keep pace with him. She lost him in the maze of the bazaars. Later she saw him riding in one of the rolling chairs propelled by darlings on wheels—the familiar "afromobile" of Palm Beach.

Poor Mulry was winded by his speed and he wanted to get to his host's cottage. But he caught a glimpse of Gloria, also chartering an afromobile. To his horror her afromobile made after him. He dared not put back to his hotel. He ordered his driver to turn down a bowered path and to give him all the steam the black could afford.

The motorman was vigorous, but the passenger was heavy. Gloria was light, but her African was weak. It was anybody's race with every prospect of a spill for one jockey or the other, since the paths were filled with dawdling strollers and the bicycle had come back into fashion. Everywhere women in exquisite dresses were roving about on pedals. Dozens of other afro-

would last. He was tempted to go on and surrender to this young girl who was stalking him with such relentless stealth.

But he thought of the money her father had given to Freneau and he was afraid he would have to give it up. He thought of his share in Freneau's trickery and the ugly look it would have in court. He beat his fat head for some clever lie that would explain everything gracefully, but no inspiration came and he went to bed like a spanked and supperless child.

The next morning Mulry looked out late upon the flood of sunlight gilding the liquid emerald sea. The breakers called to him. He could not resist the summons. He stole down a corridor and along an unfrequented walk to a bathhouse. He undressed his clothes and squeezed into a bathing suit and so made into the ocean. Friends of his toiling on the beach said that the water rose when he went in and fell when he came out. But Mulry was happy. He wallowed and dived like a porpoise till he was blissfully weary, then he stretched himself on the sand for an Oriental snooze.

He heard a voice that sounded familiar. He sat up. Gloria was coming along the beach directly toward him. In her sea clothes she was an approval of all eyes except Mulry's. He did not make the mistake of the ostrich. He buried his entire self in the sand and tried to hold his breath till Gloria got past. Luck was against him and she casually stepped on him as she crossed his equator.

When she had gone, he exhumed himself hastily and made for the water to clear off the sand that loaded him. Just as he set his toe in the first froth Gloria sighted him. He could tell by her start that she recognized him. He ran into the waves, she followed. He dived through the first breaker and a second and a third. When he looked back she was not to be seen. He laughed and began to float—which was the easiest thing he did. Suddenly he saw a red turban come through the wall of a big billow. Under it appeared



She Caught Sight of Frank Mulry

The life-saver thought she meant that he was her husband. He thought it a pity that so pretty a girl should have so much husband. But he did as he was told and hurried Mulry ashore.

Gloria felt lonely and afraid when the boat was gone. She wondered if she could make the land. She did not really care, her life was too sad. She was beginning to droop and fall when Royce appeared at her side and set her hands on his strong shoulders. She liked him better than she thought she did. He swam magnificently. He saved her and she was glad to be saved.

When at last she staggered ashore and her father embraced her, wet as she was, she looked about for Mulry. He was gone. The life-saver had revived him and he had tottered away.

Gloria did not know whom he was visiting. He was not in the hotel registers. She did not know that he had gone to his friend's cottage, slammed his clothes in his trunk and suitcase, and returned North.

One of the picturesque features of Palm Beach life is the presence now and then of Seminole Indians, who come up from the everglades to sell baskets and other samples of their craft, rattlesnake skins, and trinkets of various sorts. Among those who stood offering bargains of the sort were the young chief who wanted to marry Gloria and the old squaw whose horse Gloria had tried to steal. They recognized her when they saw her wandering slowly along looking for Mulry.

Gloria paused and stared at them. She did not recognize them at first and stopped to price a souvenir of her captivity. But she noted the wild glare in the eye of the romantic peddler and suddenly remembered her swarthy suitor of five years ago. Her old fear came back to her for the moment. She started to escape. The chief clutched her hand and compelled her to pause. She was hardly reassured by his soft words.

"Don't be 'fraid. Nice squaw, nice squaw."

She could think of nothing to say. He did the talking.

"Many years since squaw run off. You got husband yet?"

Gloria shook her head and sighed. The chief sighed, too—with relief. He spoke grandiosely. "All right. You marry me now?"

Gloria was almost as much embarrassed by this second proposal in the Poinciana gardens as she had been by the first in the everglades. She could not imagine what to say. The chief



Spoke Soothingly and Put Out His Hand.

crowded closer to her. Suddenly his face hardened as he looked past her. He clenched his fists and reached for a knife. Gloria followed his eyes and saw Doctor Royce in the distance. She wondered why the chief should hate him. The chief explained with a dog's snarl.

"That man nearly kill me once. He take you from me."

Gloria pointed to Royce questioning. The chief nodded. Gloria protested. She would not permit the glory of her rescue to be taken from her dead love. "No, no; it wasn't that man. It was this one," she cried, and caught from her gown a little portrait of Freneau in a locket.

The chief clutched it and looked hard. The chief's lip curled with scorn. He laughed—almost.

"Him? Humph! Him white liver! Him run! That man there hand me big wallop. Ugh!"

Gloria was indignant. The chief described with vivid pantomime and guttural words the true history of her rescue, his own proposal of marriage. Gloria's swooning with terror, Freneau's arrival, his terrified retreat before the chief's advance. The struggle for the chief's knife, and finally the tremendous uppercut that had knocked the chief. Meanwhile, during the fight, he had caught glimpses of Freneau's hasty gathering up of Gloria and his escape with her, leaving Royce to his fate.

Gloria was aghast at the story. As the chief went on with it Royce sauntered up and paused. The chief turned on him and was about to attack him. Royce fell into an attitude of self-defense, but smiled and spoke soothingly and put out his hand. The chief took it. He was a good sportsman and so was Royce.

Gloria looked from Royce to the picture of Freneau in her locket. A terrible doubt of Freneau assailed her. She seized Royce by the arm and dragged him to one side, demanding:

"It was you that saved me. Why didn't you tell me?"

Royce looked sheepish and shrugged his shoulders. He did not know just what to say. Gloria looked at the locket with hideous new suspicion, then turned and hurried away with tears springing to her eyelids.

Royce stared after her adoringly.

Gloria wandered far down the beach alone. She was in a hopeless frame of mind. She dropped to the sand brooding over the crumbling of her hero's glory. From the sea the ghost of Freneau seemed to come to her and, kneeling by her, take her in his arms. She thrust him away, crying:

"Coward! Cad! Liar!"

The ghost retreated sadly into the sea. Gloria wept over the picture in her locket.

Royce, coming along the beach, found her. He knelt down at her side. Gloria turned to him with the old question:

"Why didn't you tell me that it was you who saved me, and not Dick?"

Royce gazed into her sad eyes pityingly. He was unable to deal the death blow to her trust in her dead lover. He spoke gently.

"It was Freneau that found you and saved you. I arrived a little too late, and I simply held off the Indian chief while Freneau made sure of your safety."

Gloria studied him with a longing to believe in Freneau. He did not flinch. She thanked him and he rose sadly and walked away. He had lied to her because he loved her. But his heart was almost bursting with protest against the sacrifice.

When he had gone, Gloria put out her arms to the sea, crying:

"Dick, Dick, forgive my suspicions and come back to me!"

From the waves Freneau seemed to come forth again and, sitting down beside her, take her in his arms. She wept, then rose and accompanied by his ghost, moved slowly and sadly along the beach.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dire Possibility.

"Maybe it's lucky they didn't have moving pictures when Shakespeare wrote."

"Why?"

"He'd probably have put Hamlet into the form of a 's'narlio' and left the poetry out."

Quite So.

"What is the difference between a horse track enthusiast and a strawberry grower?"

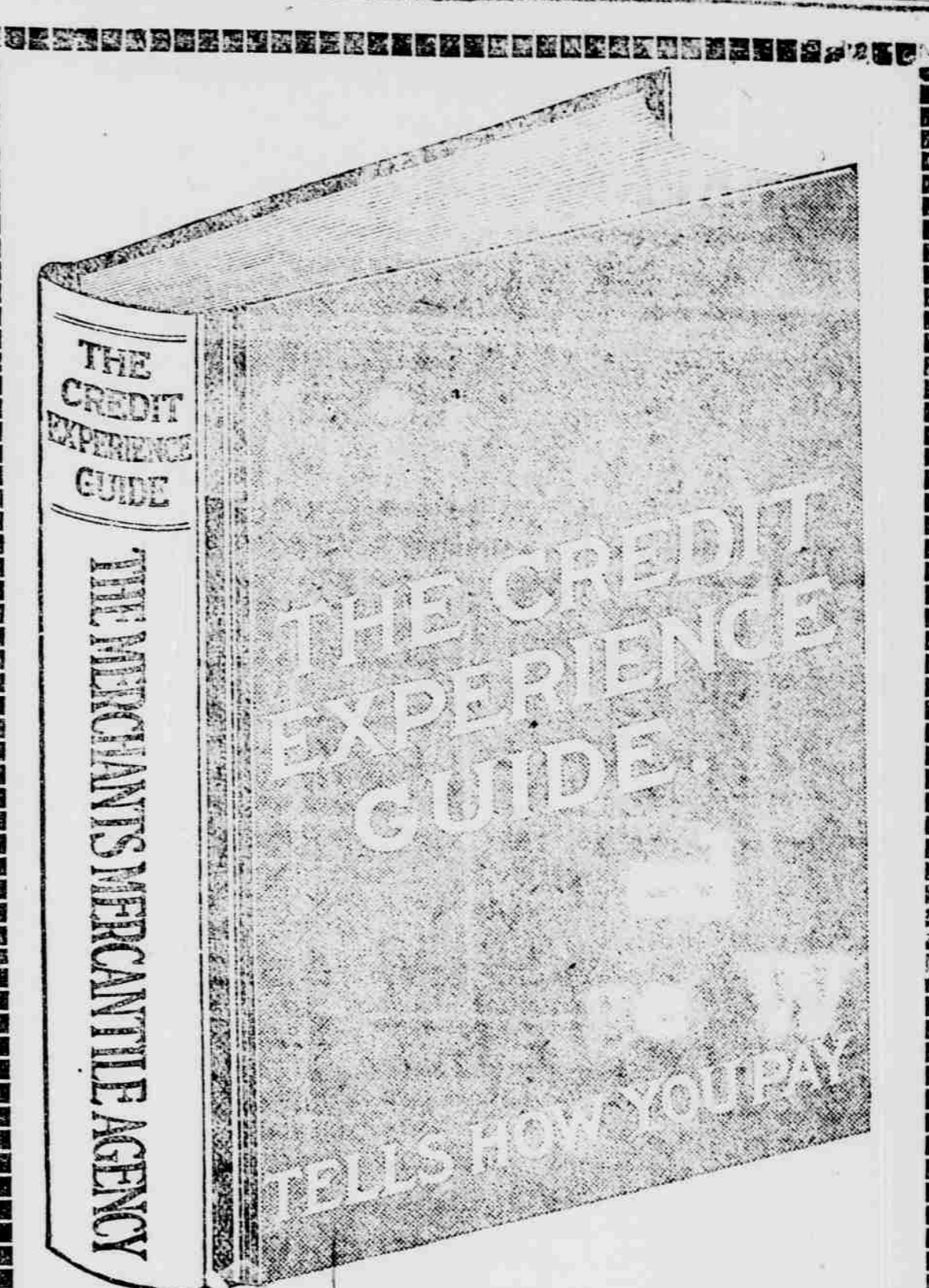
"I suppose the principal difference is that while one is trying to pick the winners the other is trying to win the pickers."

Preparedness.

Bill—He always carries a parachute about with him.

Jill—What for?

"Oh, he makes so many rash statements he wants to be prepared to let himself down easy."



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mobies also cluttered the race course. Now, Gloria gained and was about to head off her man, when a messenger boy on a wheel cut in ahead and it was necessary for Gloria's chauffeur to back pedal wildly or endure collision.

Mulry would shoot ahead and rejoice at his triumph, only to find himself in a tangle of pedestrians. His one-dark power machine began to feel the effects of his bulky cargo. Mulry applied gasoline in the form of a dollar bill brandished in front of popping, white eyeballs, and that gave him the advantage for a time. But even money cannot furnish everlasting power, and the heavy breathing back of him told Mulry that his engine was about to die.

He looked back and saw that Gloria's car had taken a wrong turn and shot down another avenue. He gave three silent cheers for himself.

Thus ended one of the most blood-curdling rolling-chariot races since Ben-Hur's day. Mulry paid his exhausted man well and took the nearest way to the cottage where he was guest. He did not leave it that night, and it was well, for Gloria hunted for him everywhere.

She would not dance, though many asked her. The music hurt her cruelly. She remembered how she had wanted to dance that moonlit night so long ago, but had been put to bed by her heartless governess. She remembered how she had suffered till she could hear it no longer, and had risen to dress in the dark and steal out, leaving her governess a-snore.

She had envied David his liberty and had stolen the car that David brought round so that he might take Judge Freneau's daughter Lois for a moonlight spin—and spoon. Gloria had not prevented David from marrying Lois, and she had run herself into a series of adventures that had promised everything wonderful only to stop short in black disaster. Her poor, brave, patient lover would dance no more, smile at her no more. Love was gone from her life already and she was only twenty.

Frank Mulry did not dance that night, either. He sat at his window, listening to the music and wondering how long this game of hide-and-seek

Gloria's face. Mulry struck out to sea. Gloria came crawling after. He was astonished to see how well she swam. But he swam well, too.

He wondered if he would have to cross the Atlantic and he regretted the necessity of landing in Europe with his bathing suit and nothing else. He was still at some distance from Europe when he suddenly felt a twinge of pain in his ankle—then in his knee—in both knees. He was doubling up with cramp! He knew real fear now. He looked back to shore and the far-off, misty crowd. He shouted for help. Nobody heard him except Gloria, and he placed no reliance in her.

She called to him, but he was past answering. Gloria had been raised an athlete and her brother David had taught her how to rescue drowning people. But her first practical demonstration alarmed her. She had not counted on so huge a barge to take in tow.

She set up a cry to shore. No one heard her. No one missed her except one man. Doctor Royce was looking for her. That was not strange. He was almost always looking for her or at her. Pierpont did not know where she was. David and Lois had no idea of her whereabouts. She was not among the crowds on the beach.

Royce stared out into the farther waters. He saw her turban—or at least he was afraid that it was hers. He saw her put up her hand, though he could not hear her cry.

He howled to the life-saver in the boat and pointed to where Gloria swam with one hand, the other clutching at Mulry's collar. The life-saver bent to the oars; the shallow slipped across the waves and Royce plunged in and swam with all his might, diving through the white caps, cresting the big rollers. The life-saver checked his boat alongside Mulry, took him from Gloria, hauled him over the stern seat, and left him face down, heels in air, while he offered his hand to Gloria. Gloria shook her head. She felt better for having saved a life. She underestimated the distance to shore. She ordered the life-saver to make haste with Mulry.

"Take good care of him," she shouted. "He belongs to me."